

ISSUE 1

DAZED & CONFUSED

This issue of Dazed & Confused is sponsored by Black Bush Irish whiskey

BLACK BUSH

EDITORIAL

This is not a magazine.
This is not a conspiracy to force opinion into the subconscious of stylish young people. A synthetic leisure culture is developing - plastic people force fed on canned entertainment and designer food. Are you ready to be Dazed & Confused? Get high on oxygen! This is urban ideas for creative people. People who want to read - something else.

ISSUE
1

£1.50

NEW! NEW!
NEW! NEW!
NEW!

WILLIAM BURROUGHS
JOHN GODBER
TOMMY COOPER
ASTRODOLL
AUDIO 1
MIRAGE
SUBGENIUS
HEROES
ZAP ART

URBAN IDEAS FOR
CREATIVE PEOPLE

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CONTRIBUTE
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WILD ABOUT VIDEO

Dazed & Confused is looking for talented new directors/video & film makers to contribute. We would like to feature stills and highlight the work of innovators in these fields. All work will be returned. Thank you.

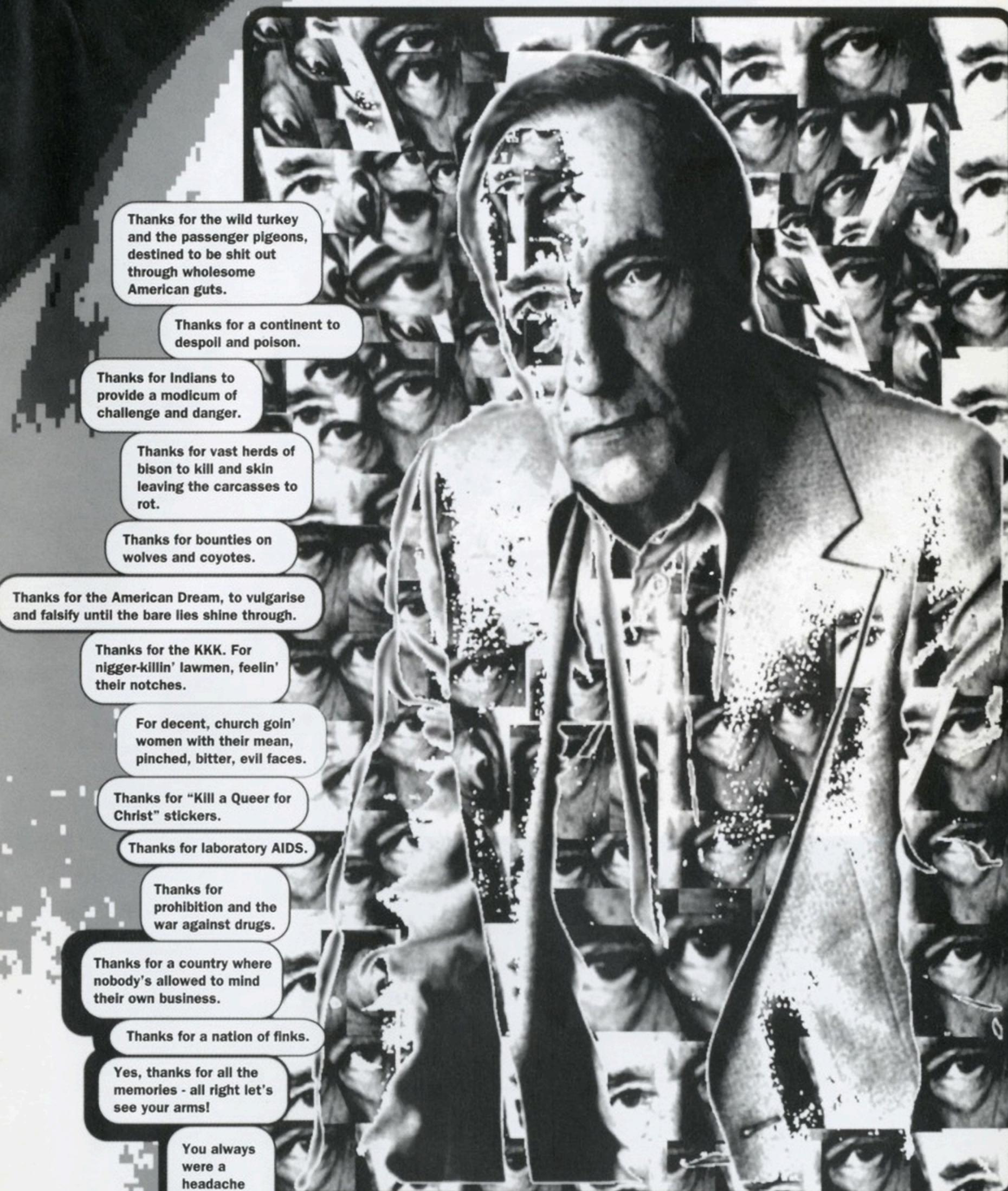
Don't hesitate to contribute to Dazed & Confused.

This is an open access magazine - for your ideas and your hopes. Please send written details, photographs, illustrations and videos etc to: The editorial team, Dazed & Confused, Top Floor, 52 Bermondsey Street, London SE1 3DU.



Photo: Mexican Tourists in London; Nickole Moss-Philips at Old Time Photographs, Basement, Trocadero, Piccadilly Circus.

"We arrived on Friday and will stay here until next Sunday. Then we're onto Czechoslovakia, Germany and then back home to Mexico. We've been to Windsor Palace, Camden Town and the shopping is great."



AS SEEN ON AMERICAN TV TALK SHOWS

A THANKSGIVING PRAYER

BY WILLIAM S. BURROUGHS

You always
were a
headache
and you
always were
a bore.

Thanks for the last and greatest betrayal of the last and greatest of human dreams.



MIRAGE



IT'S AN ILLUSORY THING

Mirage is:
Photomontage/
image manipulation/
new perspectives/
visual sampling/
hedonist propaganda/
slide display
and video mesmeric/
future memories/
mantra and mandala/
record sleeves/
illustration/murals.
Mirage is: a raw field of
images distilled through
the pleasure gauge into a

loaded cocktail.
Our eyes and minds are
pounded by visual stimuli
from print media every
day, products of trivia and
mundanity queuing up to
pull their pathetic little
triggers in our faces and
disappear into the desert
with only a crumpled
aerosol can to mark the
spot. Sell by date: yesterday.

Yesterday is populated
with mountains of paper,
pulp and glossy; dunes
and valleys of bump;
ghostly torn and yellowed
features about lifestyles of
people you couldn't give a
shit about. Shredded gift
catalogues. Prize draw
competitions, vile porcelain
doll offers and oceans of
high profile/corporate
image/automobile ads.
Long on expense. Short on
staying power. Doomed to

almost instant obsolescence
like the products they depict.
Mirage moves among the
dead print, searching through
the dross for colours, textures and
shapes of beauty, pleasure
images. Stripped of
motive. Stripped of
meaning, they are up for a
respray/refit/reincarnation.

Mirage:

If it existed,
we wouldn't have to invent it.

Commissions and wild
schemes:
071 485 9666 071 482 2442.

A PUKKA POSTER

The poster on the reverse was
produced for Dazed & Confused by
wild urban artists Zap Art.

Zap Art: Whose Culture is it Anyway? **D&C:** Who Knows? **Zap Art:** What did you ask that? **D&C:** Er...? **Zap Art:** What do you know about my colour copies? **D&C:** Er...? **Zap Art:** The unreality of the image generated by technological means is synonymous with the new media reality. **D&C:** Er...? Well its a pukka poster. **Zap Art:** Thank you **D&C:** No, Thank you.

Contact:
Bernard Gudynas, 33-41 Dallington Street,
London, EC1V 0BB.
Tel: 071 250 3888.

ZAP ART

B R T
Z A P A R T
Z A P A R T
Z A P A R T



JOHN GODBER ON JOHN GODBER

John Godber, artistic director of the Hull Truck Theatre Company playright.

The more I work in the theatre the more I become confused by what attracted me to it. Was it the chance for stardom? Was it the smell of the actors and the roar of the crowd? Or was it all a ghastly accident and soon I'll be out of the hospital and back on teaching practice? As a young man I used laughter as a means of protecting myself. I was extremely tall and thin as an adolescent, the butt of a number of bully's jokes. I was also blessed with big ears and short hair, which gave the

"... THROWING DOWN THE CHALLENGE TO A SIX PACK AND A VIDEO,"

SUNDAY TIMES

impression of a sort of elongated wing nut. That I should hide behind laughter is of little surprise, I had nothing else to hide behind. So I wanted to be a comic actor, but my parents were keen that I should be a prison warden because I was tall and you got a pension. In 1974 I was beaten up in the street by an ex A.B.A. light heavyweight boxing champion and from then on I decided to change my appearance. I took up a course in bodybuilding, but I didn't like the tablets you had to chew so nothing much happened. I then

worked as a dust man for five months and, like Gregor Samsa, I awoke one morning to discover that I had turned into a seventeen stone drama student. It was safe to be witty and thin, but it was something dangerous to be funny and able to bench-press twice your own body weight. So why was I still involved in the theatre if this sense of protecting oneself had diminished? Was it the shared experience of a live performance? Was it the bonding of lost souls in the stalls of the Leeds Grand? Or was it the women? As I think back it was the women that made me go and watch a live performance of Sleeping Beauty in Blackpool in 1967. I was eleven and I'd never seen twelve girls dancing together so beautifully before. Come to think of it, I'd never seen twelve girls together before. I lived a very sheltered life, but in the Tower Ballroom I was altered to the magic of performance. To the warm feeling it makes you have. To the mesmeric fascination of the human form. I believed in the theatre then. A theatre of the senses. A theatre that could touch and amuse, hurt and comfort. A theatre of emotion. Where has that theatre

gone? I think I've lost it. In fact I think I lost it in Leeds. I became fascinated about what other people wrote about the theatre. I wanted so much to go into a hotel and check in as Dr. Godber. I wrote my qualifications on every letter I sent, I even carved my qualifications into a tree stump in Wakefield, it was worrying. I was becoming an intellectual fart, able to sit through the most tedious of evenings in the theatre and talk about them as if I'd just seen the heaven's open. "Yeah interesting. And did you notice the way the symbolism of late Ibsen was echoed through the set design. "Why didn't I stand up in the theatre and stop the performance? Why didn't I shout for the actor upstairs left to speak up because I couldn't hear him? Why didn't I tell the actress who had apparently been at the National to get on with it? Why didn't I fast forward to the good bits? There are only two types of theatre, good theatre and bad theatre. Why do we put up with the nonsense of being bored mindless whilst some fart wanders around the stage being sensitive? What is it? When it works it works brilliantly, but when it doesn't work I find myself chair counting, "oh look, this seat was donated by the Duke of Westminster."

I believe in the theatre. I

don't believe in any anti-intellectual theatre as some

mistakenly think, but I

believe in an anti-dull-for-the-sake-of-art theatre.

Quite often I see a play and it has some good bits.

Maybe a director allows

blossoms to fall on the

stage, and in the papers the

next day the critics are

ecstatic, "so beautiful,

mesmerising." Maybe they

live the sheltered life I lived

at eleven. But then maybe I

ask too much of the

theatre. Maybe it can't be

the fun palace and the

church at the same time?

As I bring this ramble to a

close I think those insecurities of hiding in the theatre

are still with me. In the arts we are forever apologising for our work. When people tell me they've seen one of my plays I feel sorry for them. I ask them immediately, "what was it like?" I

think there is within me the desire to be accepted by

the ordinary man in the

street not tied to some

aloof notion that theatre

and art is only for the gifted few, like the Emperor's new clothes, I tend to see many naked performances,

because they don't seem to relate directly to the world outside. And yes, I can waffle with the best of them about the spiritual impurity of twentieth century life, but what concerns me most is that we find a new, young audience or the theatre will die. It's not enough to say that the theatre will sustain itself through the interest of like minded people. It is important to open the doors for others and have a theatre that doesn't make the average viewer feel inadequate. I'm not calling for a bottoming out of standards. I'm calling for a theatre of emotion where everyone can be touched, be it laughter or tears. But even as I write this I ask myself what good is it? What part does it play in our society? What function does it have apart from being a club? And even though I know the answers, or at least the stock responses, I want it to be more. I think it was clearer what role drama had in actual life when I was working as a drama teacher. There are some, I suspect who wish I still was a drama teacher. I suppose that the theatre fascinates me because I am always looking for that one piece of fine art that makes it all worthwhile.

Photo: Untitled

AUDIO 1

What is the difference between reality and that which is artificial? Who judges when something is the genuine artifact? The fact is that no-one has the right to define the boundaries. Yet, we are constantly being fed indicators of what is real. Remember Coke - it's the real thing - because they invented it, they were there from the beginning. Aborigines (the name comes from the Latin for 'from the beginning, the original') have interesting views on reality. They believe that we are only truly alive when we are in our dream state; when our minds can wander freely without the everyday restrictions imposed on us when we are conscious. Yet, in our formative years when we were learning,

we were instructed to stop living in a fantasy world. Real life is really associated with lots of mind-numbing work, large amounts of telly watching tedium and frustration. Running away, be it to another country or to another level of consciousness is seen as escaping from reality. Frowned upon. Fantasy is normally associated with money and glamour. Those with everything are said to be living a make believe/Dallas lifestyle. Seldom is the quality of their lives discussed. Do you live to just exist? One person's fantasy is another's hell; and problems stem from never really appreciating 'the moment'. As soon as we acquire something, our appreciation of it immediately starts to diminish. Don't kid yourself. Virtual reality, the mother of all media, where our wildest fantasies are given free reign, is the coming

salvation (or so we're told) of all our frustrations. Here we go, suspended between terra firma and the terrific! We can finally escape into a TV land where everything is bright and new and full of colour... But be careful that when you land in your real world that re-entry isn't too painful. The only real way to experience life is to constantly change. Yet, by nature we are driven by an instinct to accept what we know, the familiar. Our points of reference comfort us. It sort of keeps us safe, and alive... but tends to exert this overwhelming deadening of the senses. So we look for a way out

HEARING YOU LOUD... AND CLEAR.

Photo: Paul Wither using his own specially constructed pin-hole camera.
Contact: Room Service Music, 36 The Avenue, Muswell Hill, London N10 2QL. Tel: 081 883 0108.



of the monotony... but at the end of the day, the buck stops with you, bucko. Reality is 'so hard' because you resist exchanging routine for radical living. Our reality has been

gained through reading, what we listen to, are influenced by or conditioned. And really, there is only one message from me... Get Real.
Love Audio 1

COSMIC

Don't Lose Your Silverthread.

AstroDoll. Contact: 0459 104667.

Living in London 1991, I don't see the point of doing something I could have done in fifteenth century France. It's important to use resources currently available. I feel that by collaging with popular images I can express myself in a way that will be more acceptable for the viewer because of the familiarity of the source material. Through juxtaposition of images, points can be made in a very thought provoking manner. I also love collaging as a medium because of the tactile texture and the dreamy surreal reality one can achieve. Bringing a picture into being means my scalpel goes on a journey through the collective superconscious

mind, cutting out the images/symbols that require materialising. It can mean unexpected encounters. Sometimes no more comes of it than me getting pregnant with an idea that slowly grows taking on new shapes and then gets born or even miscarried. As an artist you get a lot of miscarriages. Paintings that were brought out too early or too late. Deformed. Mute. Not all pictures are my children. Some are unexpected visitors knocking on my door in the middle of the night, demanding to tell their story. Some don't even knock, just break in and intrude me. Some haunt me

like ghosts without proper forms; in between leaving and arriving. Some are loud and some just whisper that might stay unnoticed if I don't concentrate to stop now and then and meditate and listen to hear the small voice inside me begging. Remembrance. Acceptance. The painting, Don't Lose Your Silverthread, shows me when I was 4 years old but with the eyes from my 23 birthday. The title came to me in a dream. It is so easy to get distracted and lose yourself in stuff that's all around you and other

people's expectations. It is important to stay true to your dreams that have been with you since childhood. Important to remember where you came from and where your going or one becomes like the ghosts without form. When I'm old, I want to be able to face me as a child and say, "I stayed true to you, I didn't let you down. I who was you fulfilled your dreams and made them true. I remembered you. You became me. You are me and I am you, we are complete." People are always confused about my name. I suppose that since I came to England I haven't met anyone else called the same, but back in Sweden where I was born it is very common. In fact we were three girls in my class at school called AstroDoll. It was very confusing. Believe me and don't lose your silverthread. Don't lose it.

ASTRODOLL COSMIC COLLAGE ART

"What a night, the DJ's were chucking out some wicked tunes, people were all smiles and the atmosphere was all buzzing, but all too soon it was over. The 3.30am curfew was on us again, or so we thought until someone handed us a flyer for a café. 'A café?' I said, "at this time of night?" Besides I'm not even hungry, mind you all these people have to go somewhere. They can't all live in the West End? Needless to say we checked it out anyway and were damn glad we did. Not sure what to expect we caught our trusty nightbus to King's Cross, an all night café with turntables in Amsterdam or Ibiza maybe, but King's Cross!"

Rob Evans Lemon Squeezer.
RE: It's a young people

LEMON SQUEEZER EASY TIMES

D&C: How did you come up with the name Lemon Squeezer?
RE: It was a term we used when we were clubbing. A saying among a group of friends. When the question of a name for the café came up it was hot contender. Other names were Soul Kitchen, Funky Salad Bowl and the most obscure Café Dove.

D&C: Is there much in a

RE: When you're dealing with food no. But we like to see ourselves as part of a club culture where names are important. Lemon Squeezer it fits the bill.

D&C: From the flyer, it doesn't seem like a run of the mill café.

RE: It's a young people

café. People of the night. Pre-club party people, chilling.

D&C: So, apart from the people, what can people expect?

RE: A lot of people! A sociable atmosphere, with good music and good food. We're doing special milkshakes. Guarana milkshakes, real lemonade. Lots of cool things like Lucozade and special salads. There's no uncool food like corn beef or salami.

D&C: I noticed on the flyer it said London, Ibiza, Amsterdam. Is there more to the Lemon Squeezer?

RE: There will be eventually. We're doing amateur film club downstairs and the walls are being used as gallery space for an end of year photography exhibition.

With Ibiza and Amsterdam, it's all possible. We want to do Lemon Squeezers one-nighters at clubs. Create a party force to be reckoned with. Like Boys Own. They do it with clubs, records and a magazine, but I'm sure they've never tried cafes.

Guarana Milkshake

One scoop of vanilla ice cream
4 splashes of Guarana
half glass of milk
half banana
Lemon Squeeze added fruit such as peach, strawberry, plum and apple to taste.

The views expressed in Dazed & Confused are those of the contributors and are not necessarily shared by the magazine or its staff. Dazed & Confused assumes no responsibility for unsolicited manuscripts, photographs and illustrations.

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300. Tel: 071 378 0338. 1990 © Untitled. ISSN 0961-9704. Permission to reprint on TV granted by Syndication International on behalf of the Sunday Mirror.

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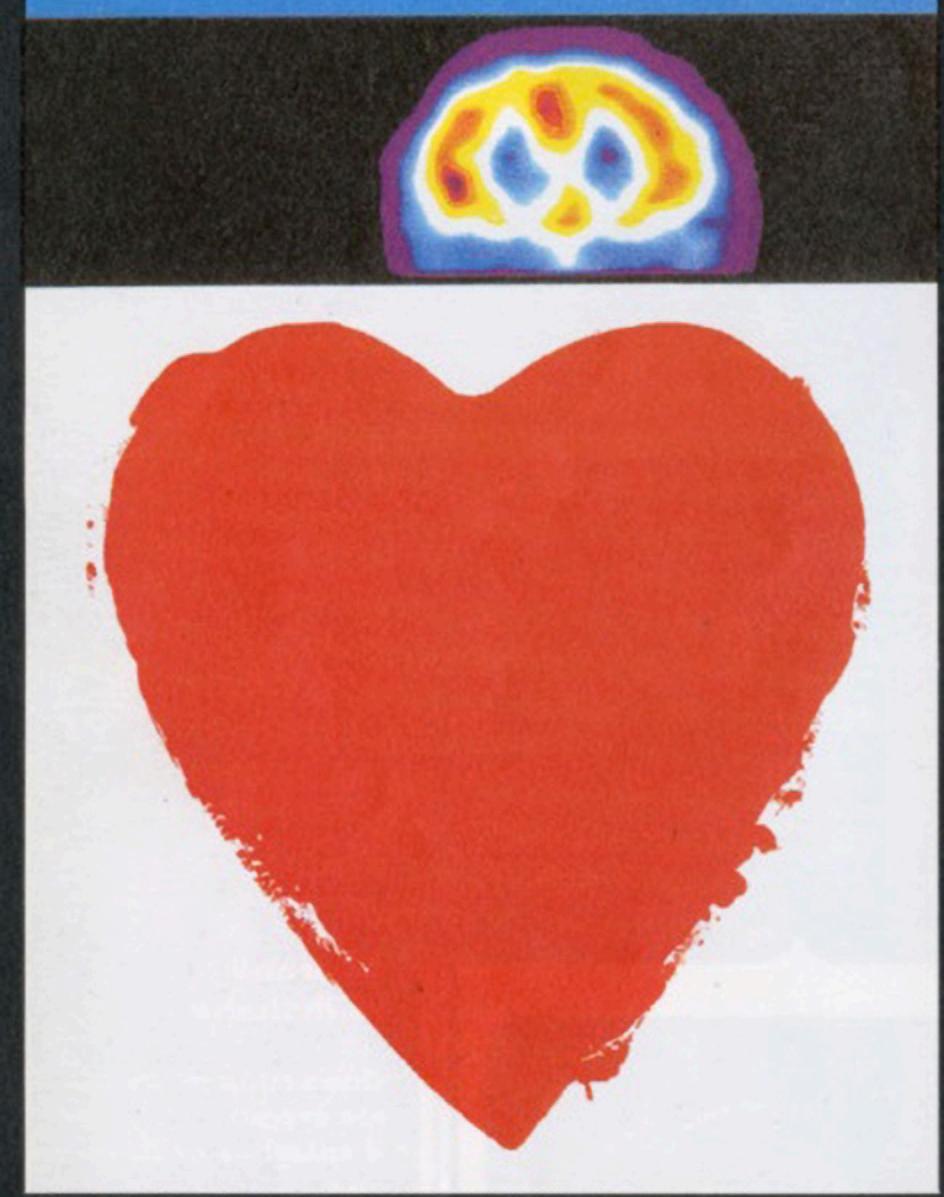
Thanks to Mark Symonds for having faith, Marc i-Did my best for help, Matthew Slotover, Ian Armstrong and all at Tomato for special help and Gary Jones for spiritual advice. Respect to everyone at G-Spot, frieze, Manifou and The Heckler.

Z • ART • P

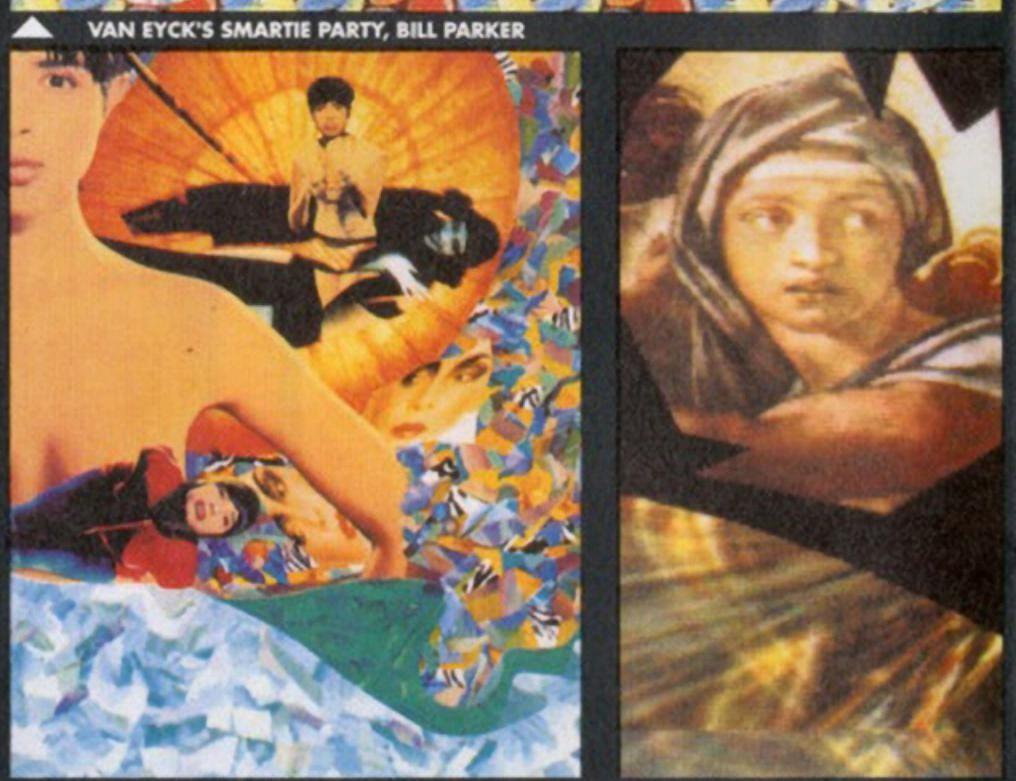
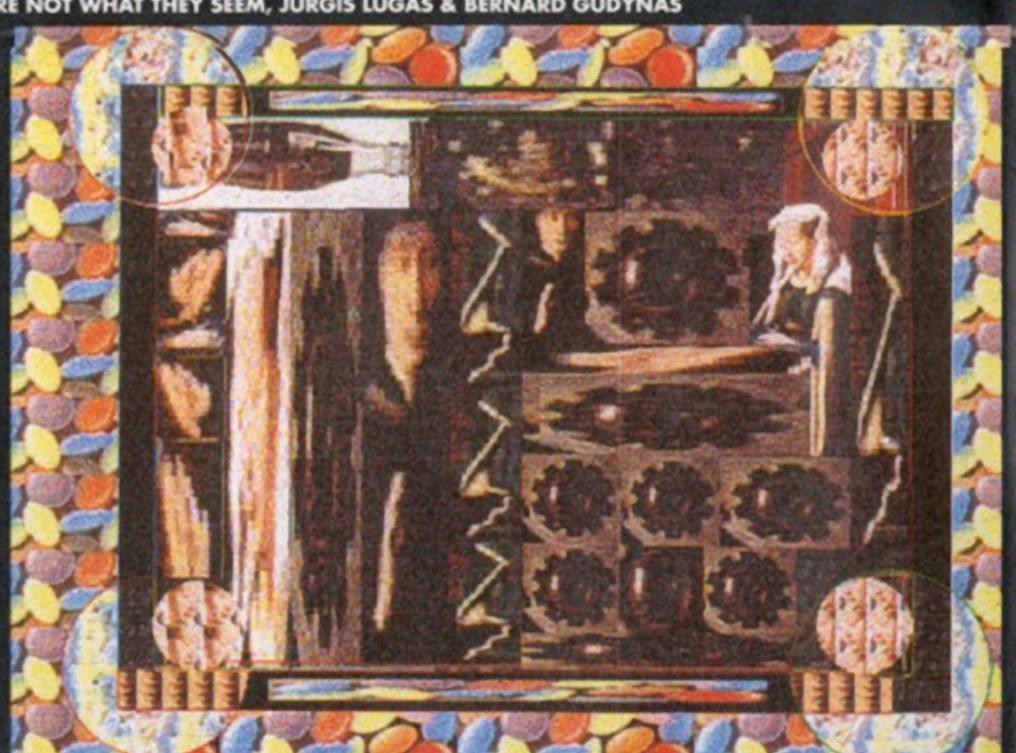
ZAP • R • T



COME AND JOIN THE FUTURE



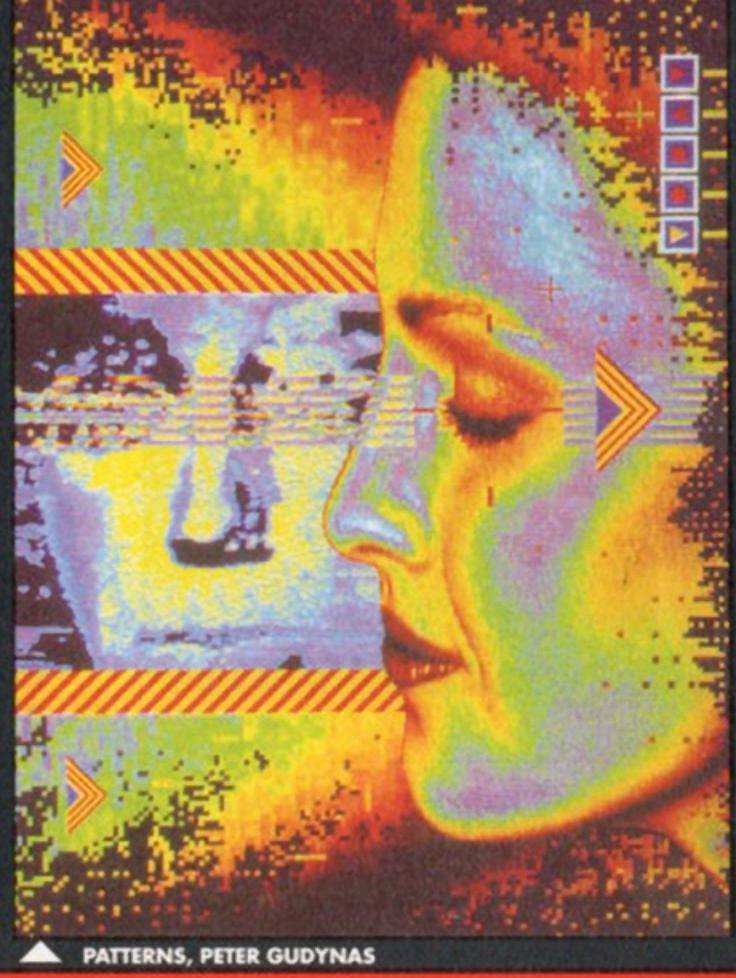
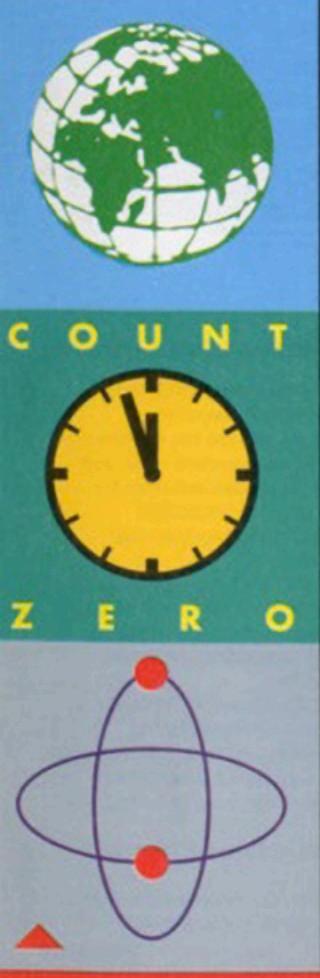
HEAVEN, BERNARD GUDYNAS & JURGIS LUGAS



OBSCURUM PER OBSCURIS, ADAM



OUTER AKIKO EKI, DAVID COLLIER



PATTERNS, PETER GUDYNAS

ZAP-KULTURE WHO'S CULTURE IS IT ANYWAY?

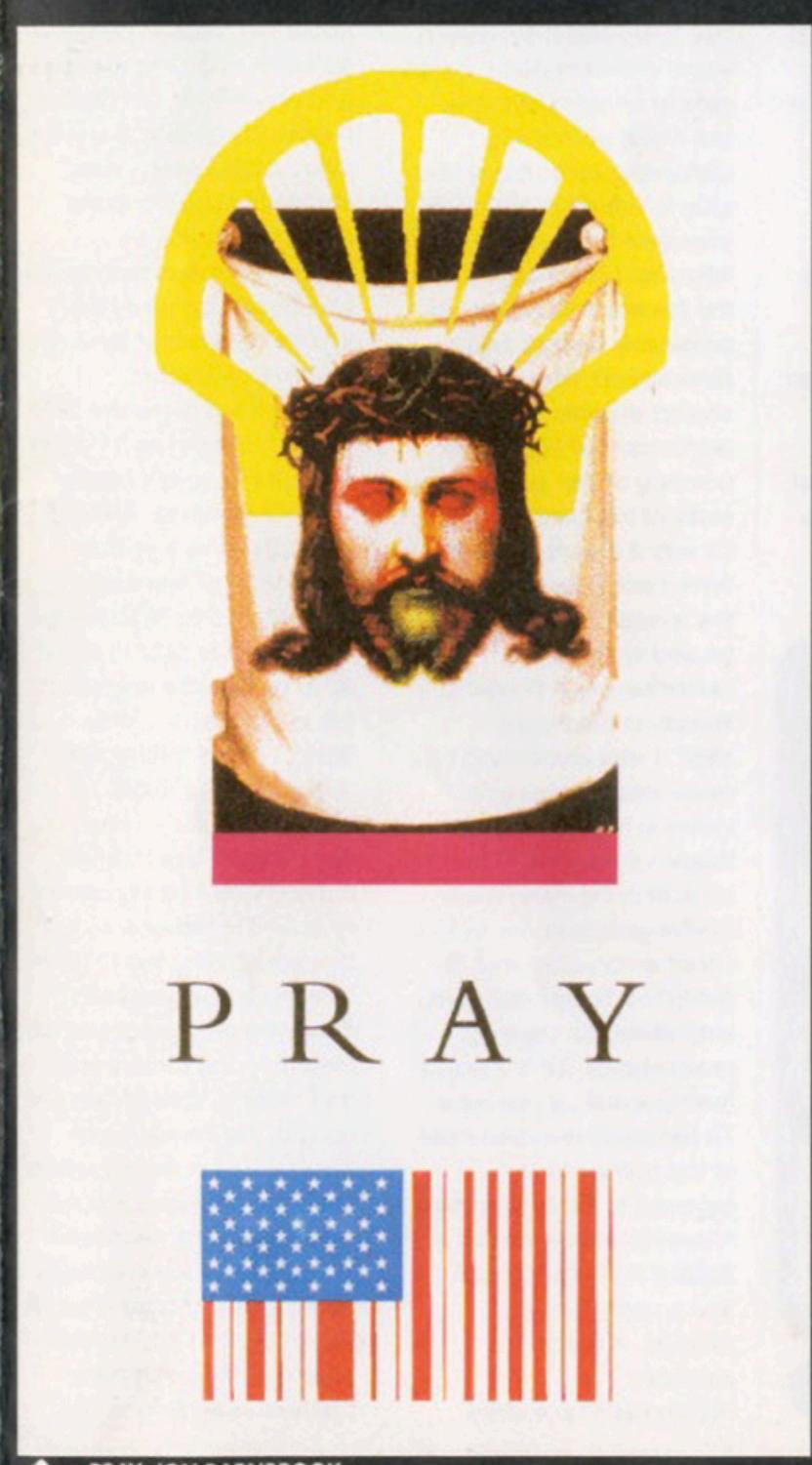
ZAP ART INTERNATIONAL

Zap Art International are a playful network of artists drawing on a variety of styles and creative forms. Their common aim: to identify, collate, articulate and replay various relevant contemporary visual commentaries using the immense creative possibilities afforded by the tools of the new digital image making technologies. "Whose Culture is it Anyway? The Next Generation", explores and presents with laser copied, photocopied, faxed, videoed and computerised collages, the social, political, philosophical, and comic, as well as futuristic, through the shared experiences but different perspectives of the collective Zap team.

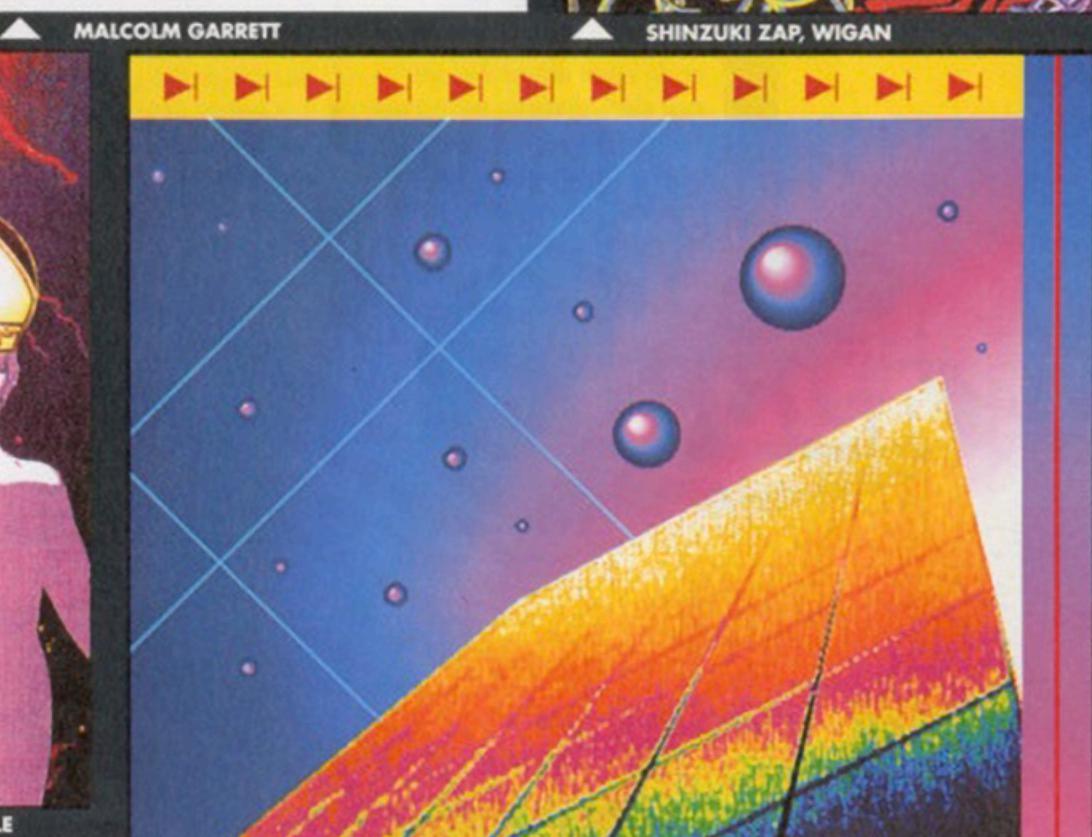
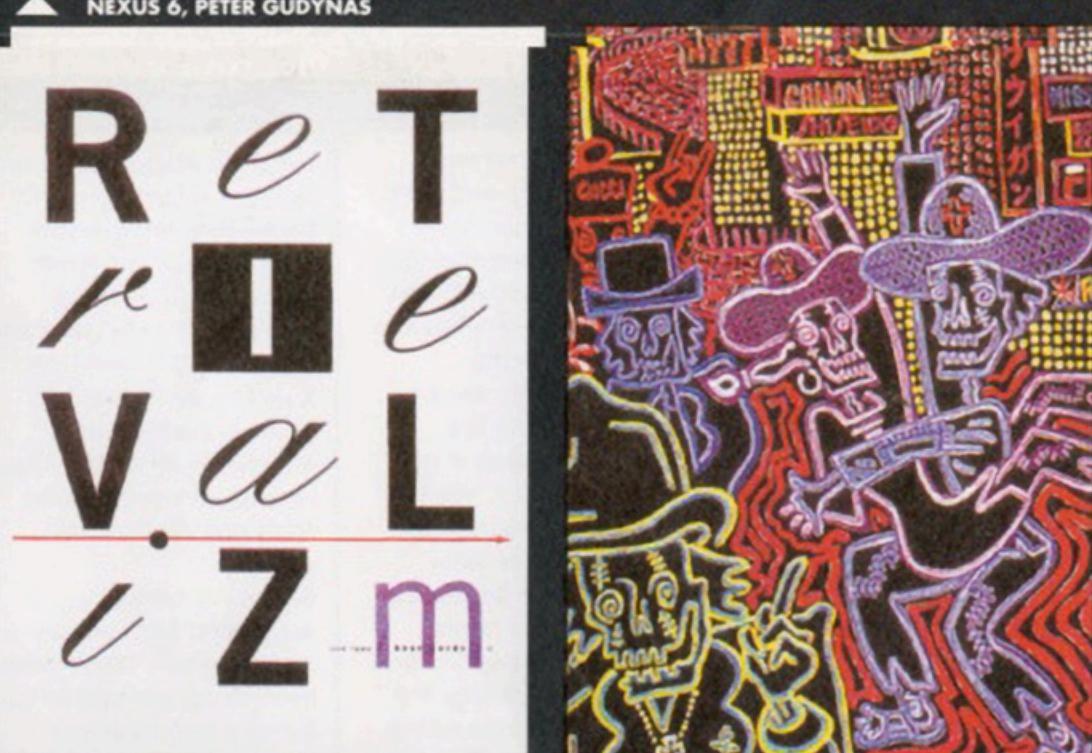
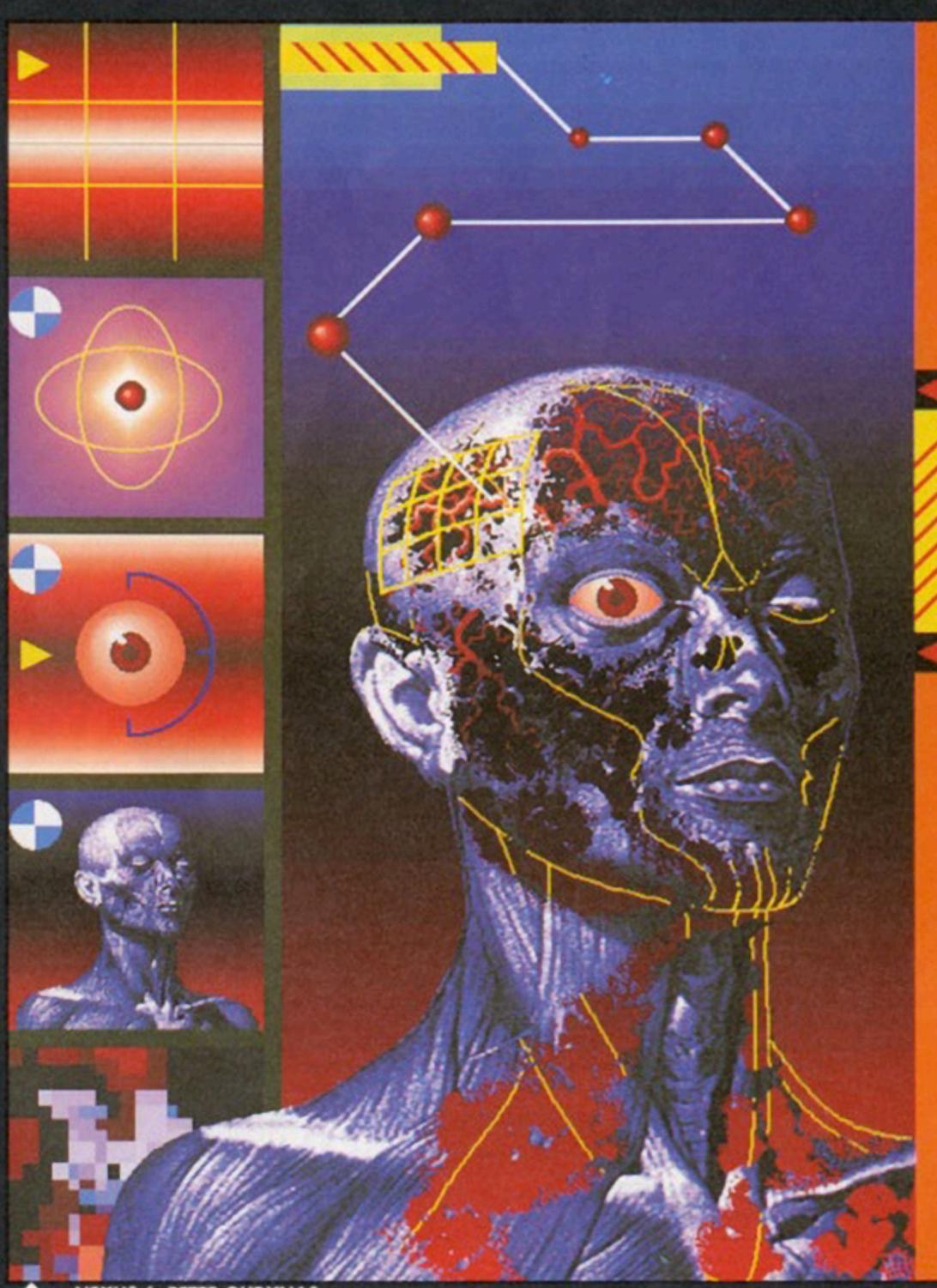
Determined to rupture the cosy gallery circuit of predictable culture Zap Art is integrating the process of creation and pleasure into the social fabric of our urban structures. Culture does not belong to, nor is it handed down by an elitist apparatus. 'High art' in

England today remains static, whilst popular culture is the only thing that moves. If modern art cannot present a commentary on the values of a world increasingly dominated by and dependent on science and technology then can it be taken seriously? The unreality of the image generated by technological means is synonymous with the new media reality with which we have lived with for half a century, but which has made very little impact on the established reality of art. Modernism's high-minded principles and preoccupations have ceased to function. Within Zap Art's parameters is represented a moment of suspension, an attempt to illuminate something about the technosurrealism of the mediacyberscape, an acknowledgment that preceding the future, which has as yet made no concessions to us, is a strange and hybrid interval that might be called the last gasp of the past.

Peter Gudynas, Jurgis Lucas, Bernard Gudynas



PRAY, JON BARNBROOK



DESIGN: ZAP ART AND INFO: 071 250 3888